

SUGGESTIONS *for* CHRISTMAS RECITATIONS

WHEN CHRIST WAS BORN IN BETHLEHEM.

When Christ was born in Bethlehem
The angels came to sing,
And glorious news from God on high
In anthems loud did ring.

When Christ was born in Bethlehem,
And slept upon the hay,
The shepherds came with joyful hearts
To find him where he lay.

When Christ was born in Bethlehem,
There came a wondrous star,
To guide the wise men on their way,
Who journeyed from afar.

When Christ is born on Christmas Day
We come with songs of praise,
And unto him our gifts of love
With grateful hearts we raise.

—Calire Ward.

"A CHRISTMAS CAROL."

"What means this glory round our feet,"
The Magi mused, "More bright than morn?"
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"Today the Prince of Peace is born."

"What means that star," the shepherds said,
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"
And angels, answering overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

'Tis eighteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for him, like them of yore;
Alas, he seems so slow to come!

But it was said, in words of gold,
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold
In perfect trust to come to him.

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw.
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet life which is the law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And clasping kindly hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

But they who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angel song,
"Today the Prince of Peace is born!"
—James Russell Lowell.

LET US GO TO BETHLEHEM.

(An exercise for four scholars. Each may carry small Conquest Flag if desired.)

First Scholar.

Come, O come, and let us go,
Go to Bethlehem's manger,
There to see on earth below,
Yonder heavenly stranger.

All recite in concert.

Hark! how wonderful and sweet,
Is the angel's story,
Let us go with willing feet
To find the Lord of glory.

Second Scholar.

Born today, in David's town,
Prince of Peace, all holy,
Laying down his heavenly crown,
See the Saviour lowly.

All recite in concert.

Hark! how wonderful and sweet,
Is the angel's story,
Let us go with willing feet
To find the Lord of glory.

Third Scholar.

Come, O come, and let us go
As the truth we ponder,

We have heard the news—and, lo,
We shall find him yonder.

All recite in concert.

Hark! how wonderful and sweet,
Is the angel's story,
Let us go with willing feet
To find the Lord of glory.

Fourth Scholar.

Then, O come, and let us go,
Heavenly tidings telling
Till the whole round earth below,
With the song is swelling.

All recite in concert.

Hark! how wonderful and sweet,
Is the angel's story,
Let us go with willing feet
To tell of Christ in glory.

—Julia H. Johnston.

SHINING STARS.

(Four children, one larger than the others, come forward, each holding a star. Largest child recites.)

O thou who by a star didst guide
The wise men on their way,
Until it came and stood beside
The place where Jesus lay.

Although by stars thou dost not lead
Thy servants now below,
Thy Holy Spirit, when they need
Will show them how to go.

As yet we know thee but in part,
But still we trust thy word,
That blessed are the pure in heart,
For they shall see the Lord.

O Saviour, give us then thy grace
To make us pure in heart,
That we may see thee face to face
Hereafter as thou art.

—John Neale.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR YOU.

"Unto you is born a Saviour,
Which is Jesus Christ the Lord,"
Come and join in grateful praises,
Heart and voice in sweet accord.
'Tis a gracious proclamation,
To be published unto all,
But to you—and you—the message
Comes with all its urgent call.

'Twas for you that lowly manger
Held the wondrous Holy Child;
It was love for you that brought him
From the heavens undefiled.
Other hearts may love and praise him,
As in heaven the angels do,
But, if you would keep this Christmas,
Jesus must be born for you.

As he came, with gifts unmeasured,
To redeem each trusting one,
Each for himself must worship
God the Father's only Son.
"Unto you is born a Saviour,"
Unto him your love is due,
Let him have the gift he covets,
Christ the Saviour asks for you.

CHRISTMAS STARS.

I wish that I might have been that star,
To shine and to shine for Jesus,
To lead the wise men so long and so far,
And to show them the way to Jesus.
My dear teacher tells me, I may be a star,
Even now, if I love my Jesus,
And that I may lead others, and show them the way
By telling them of Jesus.

And my teacher tells me that, if I am good,
And try to be like my Jesus,
My life will shine out like a beautiful star,
And people will see it both near and far,
And know that I am shining for Jesus.

THE SAVIOUR KING.

(The Scripture responses should be given by scholars who rise in their places and read from Bible in hand. The list may be abbreviated, if too long.)

Superintendent—Christ's coming and mission was repeatedly told by the prophets, from the earliest history of man. What is the first prophecy of a Saviour?—Gen. 3:15.

What prophecy have we of his descent?—Num. 24:19.

What of his mission?—Deut. 18:18.

What of his universal reign?—Ps. 72:8.

What of the time of his appearing?—Dan. 9:24.

What of the place of his birth?—Micah 5:2.

What of his birth and name?—Isa. 9:6.

What of a messenger preceding him?—Mal. 3:1.

What of the worshippers at his birth?—Isa. 60:3-6.

What of the flight to Egypt?—Hos. 11:1.

What of his character and gifts?—Isa. 42:1, or Isa. 11:2-4.

What of his preaching?—Isa. 61:1.

What of his miracles?—Isa. 35:5.

What of his work for the Gentiles?—Isa. 11:10.

What of his triumphant ride into Jerusalem?—Zech. 9:9.

What of a conspiracy to destroy him?—Ps. 31:13.

What of his betrayal?—Ps. 41:9, or Ps. 55:12-14.

What of his death?—Isa. 53:12.

What of his resurrection?—Ps. 16:10, or Hos. 6:2.

What of his ascension?—Ps. 24:7.

What of his everlasting glory and dominion?—Dan. 7:13-14.

CHRISTMAS IN THE HEART.

Hark, silver music on the frosty air;
Look, rays of golden light;
The dark December loses all its care
In stars and bells tonight;
The heavenly portals for a moment part
To let a child pass through,
Whose tiny touch puts Christmas in the heart—
Your King comes down to you.

Green hopes and memories from the frozen sod
Leap into lovely bloom;
The very presence of the living God
Fills all the winter gloom;
A child's soft fingers, with their artless art,
Clasp you and draw you still,
That he may give you Christmas in the heart.
High upon Bethlehem Hill.

Kneel with the shepherd, worship with the sage.
Your soul's best treasures fling
At his dear feet, while yet from age to age
The angel echoes ring;
So, though the glorious day itself depart,
Remains its joy, its song:
So shall you carry Christmas in the heart
Now and the whole year long.

—May Byron.

HAPPINESS MAKERS.

(A recitation for four little girls, each carrying a basket filled with bundles, and each reciting one verse.)

Happiness makers gay are we,
Busy as bees this Christmas-tide,
Sending good cheer, far and near,
This is our joy and pride.

Happiness makers bright are we,
Working for Christ with hearts so free,
Giving delight this glad night,
Singing with joy and with glee.

Happiness makers glad are we,
Trusting in Jesus Christ our King;
Looking above with new love,
Hearts to our Master we bring.

Happiness makers gay are we,
Lifting our hearts to Christ above,
Sending good cheer, far and near,
Scattering deeds of love.